

Movie Night by Michael_hearteyes_Wheeler

Series: Losers Party [1]

Category: IT (2017), Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Lots of love both platonic and romantic, Multi, Poly!Losers Club, Poly!Party, an au where everyone lives in Hawkins, and NO ONE IS DEAD, and its great and gooey and happy

Language: English

Characters: And almost everyone else, Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Dustin Henderson, Eddie Kaspbrak, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Hanlon, Mike Wheeler, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, Will Byers

Relationships: The Losers Club - Relationship, The Party - Relationship

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Summary:

A world where all of your favorite characters live in the same town, and hilarity ensues.

Heavy emphasis on their love for each other, and the relationships between these two groups of teens.

Tonight is Movie Night, and oh boy do things get silly.

Movie Night

Author's Note:

Hey Everyone! This is the first oneshot in a series based on if The Losers Club and The Party were all friends growing up. its going to be silly, its going to be sappy, and everyone pretty much lives at the Byers house. I hope you enjoy it, and if you want to see some headcanons based on this AU you can check out @losers-party on Tumblr.

“Are you sure we can trust you with this?” Stan crosses his arms, looking down his nose at Richie.

When the prospect of a movie night was suggested, the entire Byers home excitedly debated potential films and genres. After much bickering, Richie ‘graciously’ offered to walk to the blockbuster himself. It seemed like a good idea, but Stan was unconvinced of his motives being pure.

“Aw come now Stanley! I'll make sure to pick something brilliant.” Richie, chuckling through his famous British guy and winking.

“Ugh I'll go with him.” Max groaned, rolling off of the couch.

“So that you can get some cheesy gore fest? No thanks. I'll go.” Mike W sighed, rising from the floor next to El and Will.

“Why don't you all just go.” Joyce offered, emerging from the kitchen with a smile that said ‘its not an option’. Mike and Max shrugged,

and joined Richie on the lawn.

It was the perfect day for a walk, so no one bothered to grab their wheels. Even Max left her board at home. The blockbuster hadn't been open long, but the kids frequented it enough to know the best shortcut, and for the bored store clerk to know them by name. Mike debated between *The Goonies*, and *The Breakfast Club* for awhile before getting both. Max slipped in line behind him and cleverly hid the title of the undoubtedly horrifying movie she picked. The two of them waited outside, taking in the afternoon sun, waiting for a suspiciously long time for Richie to finish finding his movie. It probably was for the best that he didn't go alone, because when asked, he only smirked in reply and clutched the black plastic bag tighter to his chest.

Back at the house, Dustin and Ben were back from their own trip to the supermarket for snacks. Dozens of boxes of candy, bottles of soda, and cookies from the bakery lined almost the entirety of the Byers kitchen counters. The smell of burnt popcorn seeped out from the open windows and filled the yard as they walked up the dirt driveway.

After some bickering over who got which box of candy, who got to take the couch, and who got to sit where, it was almost sunset. Max and Richie whispered and giggled with one another as they hid their VHS tapes, and squeezed into the weathered armchair.

Mike W ignored them and decided to play *The Goonies* first. It was one they had rented before, but the magic of the film, and the inspiring group of kid characters was all too familiar. It felt like a life each of them had lived.

Mike W, El, and Will crowded the couch next to Joyce. Dustin emerged from the kitchen with the last of the bowls of popcorn and found an open place on the floor next to Lucas and Ben. The coffee table had been pushed against the far wall long ago, leaving room for the tangle of blankets and pillows that seemed to permanently litter the living room floor. Thirteen teenagers crammed together, eyes transfixed by the movie on screen, laughing at jokes they had heard dozens of times before.

Stan and Mike H held hands under a warm blanket. Bill doodled absentmindedly in a sketchbook while Bev leaned her head on his shoulder. Dustin and Lucas tossed popcorn back and forth before Hoppers booming voice filled the room.

“Hey, if you are going to have a food fight then you need to actually clean it up.” The police chief got home just as the credits began to role for the first movie, and an inky blue night sky settled outside.

“Oh like you didn't start the last one.” Bev teased, turning to look up at him.

“And I won too.” Jim winked, leaning over the back of the couch to kiss Joyce's head and ruffle El's. All he had to do was snap at the giggling kids in his chair to send them to the floor. “What's playing next?”

“I grabbed The Breakfast Club.” Mike stood to change the tape, stepping in between the unoccupied spots on the floor.

“Actually, now that it's dark, I thought we could watch something a

bit more... thrilling.” Max smirked, unearthing her secret movie pick. *Dr. Terrors House of Horrors*. A horribly dated looking and well loved box cover depicting the classic style of 1960’s horror.

“God Max! I knew you would pick something messed up!” Mike sighed, but reluctantly let her play the movie. He could see where this was going, so he pulled Will’s hand and dragged the smaller boy into the dining room. Neither being a big fan of horror, whenever Max got her way they would settle for finding something else to occupy their time.

As the sounds of sweeping orchestral music played from the TV set, Mike grabbed the scrabble set from the shelf. Every time a shriek from on screen made the smaller boy flinch, Mike would grab his hand or make him laugh by placing down a ridiculous word. Mike was no scrabble champ, at least not compared to Stan or Max, but he was good enough to keep Will’s attention away from the gore on screen.

After the first act, Stan and Mike H joined them at the table. Stan looked practically woozy from scenes that were making Max and Richie cackle with delight. It didn't take long for him to get in the zone however. Playing words like ‘Foliage’, ‘Oxazepam’, and ‘Philanthropist’. They had an unspoken rule to not even bother keeping score if Stan was playing (although he kept his own score in his head). One round turned to three, and then five, and then they lost count. Giggling and sipping sodas and ignoring whatever was happening in the living room.

Eventually the numbers in the living room dwindled. Ben and Bev decided to leave to one of the back rooms when they had been aggressively shushed for the last time. Bev thumbed through a magazine while Ben put his *New Kids on the Block* tape in Jonathan’s old boombox.

Eventually Lucas joined them too. Not even lying shoulder to shoulder in between Max and Dustin could save him from the headache all the screaming was causing. Lucas really enjoyed spending time with this quiet couple. Lucas curls up at the foot of the bed and flips through a stack of comic books, making sure to share his favorite panels with the other two. Ben has his nose buried in a journal. He keeps sneaking glances up at the other two on the bed, and Bev takes notice. Part of her wonders if he is writing another poem, and the way he curls the edge of the journal up to block her view, she thinks he might be. She blushes at the thought.

Some point later they can hear the stomping of a sleepy Hopper make his way to bed. As well as the giddy laughter of the board game turning into more of a 'lets see how ridiculous of a sentence i can make' game when Bill and Dustin join the table.

That leaves only Richie, Eddie, El, Max, and Joyce in the living room. Eddie fell asleep some time during the beginning of the movie. Richie runs a lazy hand through his hair while his eyes stay glued on the screen. Joyce smiles out at the group of kids in the dining room, and silently wishes Jonathan could be here too, as well as those two terrific partners of his.

Stan and Mike H get up to get ready for bed after Stan realizes his nightly routines have run a few minutes behind. Not long after, a sleepy Will shuffles back to his room as well, followed slowly by the others one by one. Mike W collects El from the couch and walks with her to Will's room that has more or less become a community slumber party room.

Mike H comes back out and scoops up Eddie, carrying him to his sleeping bag with a smile. The chatter in the house quiets to only a few hushed whispers as one by one the kids drift off to sleep.

Once the movie ends, Max drags herself to curl up in between Bev and Lucas on the small bed, certainly only meant for one person.

“Are you tired?” Joyce smiles down at Richie, the only person left on the mass of blankets in the darkened room.

“Not really. You up for one more movie?” He swaps out Max’s tape for his own and Joyce nods.

“What do you have in store?” Joyce smirks. It has become a secret tradition between the two near-insomniacs. Richie makes a game out of finding the strangest movies in the ‘foreign’ section. Whatever has the most interesting box art, or the most obscure description.

“It’s called ‘The Holy Mountain’. Its Spanish, from 72, but the back said that it isn’t for the faint of heart. I figured we could handle it.” Richie took his seat next to Joyce on the couch and let the film play.

Usually Richie feels the need to make jokes during movie night (much to everyone’s chagrin), but that need is never present with Joyce. Her unceasing understanding and patience. It’s like she just gets him, no strings attached.

Inevitably, the droll of Spanish lulls him to sleep. Slumping against

the arm of the couch with his glasses falling crooked. He never remembers it, but he always wakes up in his sleeping bag next to Eddie.

Movie nights don't get to happen as often as they all might like. Given their various schedules and after school activities, but it's always a reminder of what they are. A family. Strange and often chaotic, but full of love and acceptance.